

## **Bits and Pieces by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Stolen moments, fond memories, and that time Shiro tried to build a space motorcycle.

(Prompted drabbles for Shatt Sunday)

## 1. That time Shiro tried to build a space motorcycle

### Author's Note:

- For [Beelsebutt](#), [FleetofShippyShips](#).

All these chapters are gonna be super short bc I did a prompt challenge where people sent me the first line of a fic and I wrote the next five sentences--or the next seven or eight sentences.

Anyway, I wanted to collect them all up here :)

“Are you sure this is how you use this thing? Is it supposed to be making that sound?” Matt peered around his shoulder, staring at the piece of alien tech Shiro was unsuccessfully fiddling around with.

“Slav said it wasn’t that difficult to—oh, no,” Shiro groaned, backing away slowly, the machinery sparking and smoking before him, “knew I shouldn’t have trusted him.”

The vehicle, because it was a vehicle of some sort, looked a little bit like a broken-down space motorcycle, and Shiro, of course, had been trying to make it work. Must’ve missed his bike from back on earth.

“You want me to take a look?” Matt asked, to an emphatic reply of yes, please from Shiro, who looked like he was seriously regretting pulling this thing out of whatever junk heap they found it in.

## **2. That time Matt "borrowed" a game console**

“Matt, are you sure Pidge won’t mind us borrowing this?” Shiro examined the complicated series of jerry-rigged connectors strewn across the room, all of which seemed to have a specific order and placement to function.

“It’ll be fine,” Matt said, already disconnecting cords and wires, “I’ll remember which order they go in, okay? I promise.”

Shiro didn’t believe him until Matt seamlessly recreated Pidge’s video game setup in his bedroom, flopping back on the bed with a contented sigh and an, “I told you I could do it.”

He still didn’t think they should’ve borrowed Pidge’s console without asking, but Matt had proclaimed the storage room they’d commandeered for the game system to be a terrible place for a date. And if Matt was planning on spending the afternoon sitting in Shiro’s lap while trying to beat a video game he hadn’t played since he was a kid, hey, he didn’t mind.

### **3. That time Shiro got caught passing notes in class**

“Mr. Holt, that’s the third time you dropped your pencil!” Mr. Goones, their teacher barked, and Shiro went red as a beetroot. He hid his face behind a hand as Matt picked up his pencil and apologized, talking wildly enough with his hands that no one noticed him setting the note that had been tucked around the pencil onto Shiro’s desk.

There had to be a better way to pass notes in class. Shiro was doing just fine folding it up and throwing it at Matt’s desk when nobody was watching, after all—then again, Matt had terrible aim, and he’d probably hit Keith in the head or something instead.

Shiro unfolded the note, which Matt had written in survey-format, the words will you go on a date with me later? followed by a series of boxes that read “YES,” “ABSOLUTELY,” and, “DEFINITELY” in Matt’s blocky handwriting.

(Shiro had included an additional option, “Matt, I’m already your boyfriend, stop doing this every class,” before passing it back)

This time, the note had, “SHIRO I’M TRYING TO BE CUTE” written across it in pink highlighter, intersecting with his addition.

He could have just kept the note, left Matt with nothing to keep passing back and forth, but instead, he underlined “trying” and added a few arrows pointing to it for good measure.

When he threw it at Matt’s desk just as Mr. Goones turned to face them, he started to regret it—and when the note was read out loud in front of the class, accompanied with quiet laughter, he started to regret it so much more.

#### **4. That time the rest of the squad overheard some things**

“Wait, Shiro, is your helmet radio still on?” Matt interrupted his awkward rambling.

Shiro stopped mid-sentence, pressing a hand to the glowing blue comm link on the side of his helmet, like he’d just remembered it was there.

“Yeah, it definitely is!” Lance yelled loud enough over the communicator that even Matt could hear it.

Even under the blue tint of his visor, Matt could tell Shiro’s face was going red and he laughed, shaking his head. “It’s fine,” he said, “not like we were talking about anything bad, I mean, uh, you probably didn’t want everybody to hear you reminiscing about our first kiss, but...”

“Yeah, no, I didn’t really want that, no,” Shiro said, leaning against the sharp incline of the ravine they’d gotten themselves stuck in. “Next time we wait on a rescue mission, remind me to just tell embarrassing stories about Keith when he was younger instead.”

## 5. That Time With the Space Booze

“Oh, come on, I’ve had it chemically analyzed, it’s perfectly safe,” Matt said, wiggling the opaque bottle in front of his face so he could hear the liquid sloshing around inside.

“I say this with love, Matthew, but that’s not what I’m worried about.”

Matt frowned at him and arched an eyebrow at an angle that was almost Keith-like.

“I’ve met Drunk Matt before, and I don’t want him to have access to a lot of the universe’s most deadly technology,” Shiro said, and it only made Matt’s pout slant even more dramatically.

“Just don’t let me leave the room,” he said, gesturing around at the rec room, which didn’t have anything Matt could potentially turn into a laserbeam.

“I think you’ve forgotten that Drunk Shiro will do literally anything you say if it comes with enough, uh,” he put his arms around Matt’s waist demonstratively, “convincing.”

Matt sighed, and Shiro could practically see the circuitry of his brain re-routing itself around his argument. A dangerous grin spread across his face. “Shiro. Babe. I have an idea.”

It took about an hour for Shiro to realize that Matt’s idea might not have been a great one. He was disappointed with himself--normally he had a nose for this kind of thing, but, apparently, lack of exposure to Matt-ideas made them sound better than they were.

Shiro also might have just been pouty because he’d ended up upside-down again.

See, it had sounded smart to flip off the artificial gravity and immobilize themselves once they were drunk enough to do something stupid, but the

issue, in practice, was that they couldn't turn the gravity back on unless they could reach the switch across the room, which they could not. Well. They hadn't really tried, because Drunk Matt and Drunk Shiro were also kind of lazy, but they were pretty sure they couldn't.

Instead, they were stuck floating around until somebody else opened the door to the room and re-connected it to the rest of the system.

"Aw, dammit. We can't even drink any more," Matt said, floating around next to him. He had his hand in Matt's cape-thing, which kept him from drifting too far away. "See? the bottle's all the way over there."

"I think, uh. We're drunk enough," Shiro said, although it was hard to estimate that floaty feeling when you were literally floating. "That stuff was stronger than I thought it'd be."

"Or, miraculously, your alcohol tolerance has gotten even worse." Matt had a hand on Shiro's arm, and was using it to pull him about until he was no longer upside-down and they were face-to-face, which was much better.

"I mean, I'm down a limb. That probably means I have a proportionally higher blood-alcohol-content. Wait... do I have less blood?" He stared at his right hand, trying to work out the math. Or the science. He wasn't actually sure he had less blood. He'd have to remember to science that later.

"Dude, I don't know, I'm a microbiologist and an engineer, not an M.D."

"Oh. I knew that," Shiro said. "Wow. What are you doing, your face is really close."

Matt shook his head. "I thought you were drunk, not an idiot. I'm kissing you, I wanna do some anti-gravity fooling around--couldn't exactly check that off my bucket list on the way to Kerberos, what with my dad in the spaceship."

Shiro's quiet, "oh," was cut off by Matt's mouth against his, and he wasn't sure why, but he felt warmer than usual.

Matt put his arms around Shiro's shoulders and his legs around Shiro's

waist to keep him closer, clinging to him like a koala, and it made Shiro laugh against his lips. “What?” Matt asked, looking offended.

“Nothing. Just. This isn’t as sexy as I thought it’d be.”

“Well, I know you already feel like you’re floating whenever I kiss you, but--”

Matt didn’t get to finish the end of what was probably going to be a great line, because the doors slid open, hissing along their tracks, and a couple sensors on the control panel next to them changed color as the room re-connected to the rest of the system and turned the gravity on.

Shiro hadn’t been expecting the fall back down to be fun, exactly, but he also hadn’t been picturing it with the right amount of Matt falling onto him. “Damn, you’re heavy,” he groaned, “I keep forgetting.”

“Shuddup.” Matt pushed himself into a sitting position, freeing Shiro, and the both of them looked up to find Lance, Pidge, and Hunk standing over them.

“What were you two doing?” Hunk asked, looking at the controls like they may have malfunctioned and might do so again at any second.

“We were doing whatever we want,” Shiro said, and the two of them burst into giggles, even though it wasn’t that funny.

Pidge was the first to figure it out, a look of horror crossing her face. “Oh my god, are you guys drunk!?”

They looked at each other, then back at her, answering in impressive unison for a couple of drunk people.

“Yeaaaaah.”



## **6. That Time Matt's Eyes were Really Pretty**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Middle school AU :)

“It’s not alive in there,” Matt said, holding out the orange rock he’d gotten at the gift shop on their field trip to the Museum of Natural History.

“Okay, you having a dead spider in a rock is so much better,” Shiro said, rolling his eyes. He didn’t like spiders, in rocks or out of them, and he’d thought Matt had come to accept this, what with being his best friend and contractually obligated to make sure nobody else in their class found out Shiro was afraid of spiders and made fun of him.

“It’s not a rock, it’s amber,” Matt said, “just look, okay! It’s really cool!”

Shiro groaned, but took the rock anyway, passing it back and forth between his hands, scrutinizing. “Yep, that’s a dead spider in a rock,” he said, failing to appreciate Matt’s science at all.

Then, he turned to face Matt’s bedroom window and held it to the light, letting the midday sun shine through the stone. Suddenly, he appreciated it a lot more, not because the rock was cool or because it was technically fossilized tree sap, or whatever.

He liked it because when the light hit it just right, it was the same color as Matt’s eyes.

## 7. That Time Matt Got Stuck in a Tree

### Summary for the Chapter:

Middle school AU again!

There was a crab-apple tree beside the elementary-school playground that Matt had dubbed “the world’s most perfect climbing tree,” and so he and Shiro would hang out there on weekends, when there were no kids around and no adults to yell at Matt to get down. Shiro wasn’t much for climbing, well, anything, but especially not this tree, because he was still a little too short to haul himself onto the lowest branch without a boost. And Matt was too scrawny to be boosting anybody.

He usually stood at the base of the tree, head tipped back, so he could talk to Matt while he climbed and occasionally shook the undersized, neon-green apples down onto Shiro’s head. He’d dared Matt to eat one, once, and Matt listed it as the second-grossest thing he’d ever put in his mouth. The first being the pie Shiro baked for home ec—tried to bake, rather.

“How long are you planning on being up there?” he asked, able to see the bottom of Matt’s sneakers and not much else from this angle.

“Forever. I’m not coming down. This is my home now, Shiro,” Matt called. “I’ve been adopted by a bird family.”

“Matt,” Shiro whined, “come down, I can’t go over to your house and ask your mom to let me stay for dinner myself.”

He heard rustling from above him, and saw Matt hop down onto the lowest branch a split-second before he flipped upside-down, hanging by his knees from the tree. He nearly collided with Shiro’s head, but ended up swinging back and forth gently, grinning like he was waiting on Shiro to compliment him for his trick.

“Your glasses are falling off,” Shiro said, and Matt reached up to snag them before they slipped off his head.

“Pretty cool though, right?” he said, his face starting to go pink from the blood rushing to his head.

“Nope. You’re a nerd.”

“I’m awesome, Shiro. You just gotta see it my way.”

Shiro was pretty sure he already did, but picking on Matt was more fun.

“Alright, sure, but. Important question: how are you going to get down?”

Matt responded to that with a few choice words that his parents wouldn’t want to hear him using.

## **8. That Time they Went to a Space Club**

“Did you... did you really have to do that? Like, really? In front of everyone?”

“I don’t see why you’re embarrassed,” Matt said, punctuating it with a sip of his drink—something fruity with a ridiculous name, “I’m an excellent dancer.”

“You are not,” Shiro said. “You just did a striptease. That doesn’t make you an excellent dancer.

Matt flashed him a technicolor smile, thanks to the lighting in this place. And Shiro thought bars on Earth were bad. “You know what I think? I think you’re jealous.” He leaned in as he spoke, close enough that Shiro could smell his terrible drink on his breath.

Shiro leaned in the extra few inches to meet Matt’s lips. “Yeah, it’s probably that.”

## 9. That time Matt couldn't just ride the damn ferris wheel

### Summary for the Chapter:

some kinda college AU

This was supposed to be a casual evening hanging out with friends, because hey, there was a carnival in town, and it seemed like a great place for a totally chill, not-awkward group hang. Then, Hunk and Pidge made a beeline for the cotton candy and Lance hauled Keith off toward the games to, quote, “win him the biggest teddy bear, okay, I have great aim.”

So now, Shiro was wandering around the carnival with Matt, at a complete loss for what to do, because he was supposed to have friends here to make his big, stupid crush on Matt less awkward. He was the oldest one here. He shouldn't have been freaking out about a boy he liked, god, he wasn't a sixth-grade girl.

While Shiro was busy thinking about why universal stereotypes for sixth-grade girls were either boy-or-horse-centric, Matt, apparently, found something more entertaining. Shiro didn't realize this until Matt grabbed his arm, which made him jump about three feet, and pointed in the direction of a glowing pink mess that looked like a Valentine's card came to life and decided to haunt a county fair.

“Dude, look, they have a Tunnel of Love, that's crazy. We're going on it!”

And that was how Shiro got pulled toward that heart-shaped monstrosity shouting, “what-no-Matt-” to no avail.

“I thought these things only existed as plot devices in cheesy movies,” Matt said, *still holding his hand*, *Shiro thought his heart was gonna explode*. “We totally gotta go for it, right? This'll be hilarious!”

It would not be hilarious, it would just be a few minutes of being stuck floating down a little man-made river in a raft shaped like a swan, sandwiched between two other swan-rafts, which probably both had

couples making out in them. He told Matt as much, but Matt liked doing things just for the experience of them, even if that experience was largely swan-and-pink-lighting-based.

They were ushered onto a raft, which was much smaller than Shiro originally thought, but the bored teenager operating the ride didn't seem to notice or care that Shiro was experiencing palpitations because Matt's thigh was pressed against his.

Sometimes, Shiro liked to tell himself he got over these stupid feelings in high school, and then other times, Matt was laughing about the terrible saxophone music being piped over tinny speakers and his face looked really pretty even in the pink lighting. Shiro stopped looking at Matt's face, knuckles white on the lap bar that was probably less for safety and more for preventing people from doing weird stuff in here.

*If you don't do it now*, said a little, evil voice from inside Shiro's head, *you never will*. That's why he took a breath and turned to look at Matt again—it was not why he suddenly lost the ability to breath entirely, or to do anything else besides a deer-in-the-headlights stare.

See, he was doing that because Matt was looking back at him, shy in a way Shiro had never seen him before, leaning in, head tilted, like they were going to—

“I am not having our first kiss in here,” Shiro said, now glad for the weird pink light because Matt couldn't see how red his face was, and maybe, just maybe, he hadn't stuttered enough to sound as anxious as he was.

“Well, then you better kiss me as soon as we get off this goddamn ride,” Matt said, “because I've been waiting for you to do it since I was like, sixteen.”

## 10. That Time Matt went to Space Camp

### Summary for the Chapter:

Middle school AU again... sort of? It's the summer after middle school. w/e same AU anyway.

There were things in life that were unfair, and then there was having to spend the entire summer before high school without your best friend, the year you had promised to yourself that you were going to ask him out over summer break. Shiro wasn't exactly sure where that fell on the scale of mild inconvenience to life-ending trauma, but it definitely *seemed* like the worst thing that had ever happened to him.

See, he'd been happy for Matt, because Matt was so excited about space camp and, well, space in general, and Shiro had been chill about it because Matt went to space camp every summer, no big deal. He was gone for a week and came back sunburned and with all kinds of crazy stories and fun facts about the solar system.

Matt had been so excited, he forgot to tell Shiro he was a junior counselor this year, and wouldn't be gone for just a week, but *all summer*.

Shiro groaned and rolled over on his bed, smushing his face into the pillows until he got his hair in his mouth and decided both to cut his hair at some point this summer, and to go over to Matt's house. That dork deserved to be woken up at night if Shiro couldn't sleep because he was too upset just anticipating how much he'd miss Matt.

That's pretty much how Shiro ended up standing underneath Matt's bedroom window, his bike parked next to the hedges out front, hoping he hadn't mixed up Matt's window with his parents and thrown a rock at the wrong one. Mrs. Holt could be scary when she got mad enough.

The window slid open, though, and it was just Matt staring down at him.

"What are you doing?" Matt said, quiet, because he wasn't gonna yell and wake everyone else up.

What was he doing? Something stupid. "I, uh. I was gonna climb up, but I couldn't find a ladder. And also I'd probably fall over or something."

"No, why are you at my house?"

"I, uh, I wanted to give you something before you left." Shiro shrugged one shoulder, indicating the backpack he had slung over it, and Matt pulled the window shut.

He wasn't very quiet. Shiro could hear him running down the stairs to open the door. When he let Shiro inside, he noticed Matt's hair was all flat on one side, like he'd been asleep before Shiro came over. He was definitely in his pajamas, wearing an old school spirit T-shirt they got in sixth grade and a pair of plaid pants that were getting too short for him. Shiro felt that pain—pretty much all his clothes were getting to be too small, because he'd grown a full inch in the last month and a half.

"Dude, you should've come over tomorrow morning," Matt said, through a yawn.

"Aren't you leaving at like, seven? I can't wake up that early." He probably could, if he set an alarm, but he didn't think to wait until morning.

Matt snuck Shiro into his bedroom, flicking on the desk lamp but not the overhead light, which made the room feel small and made him feel like he should stay quiet. They sat on Matt's unmade bed, knees bumping, because it didn't quite fit the two of them in it the way it had when they were a few years younger. "What was it you wanted to give me?" Matt asked, blunt the way he usually was right after waking up.

"Oh. Yeah," Shiro said, unzipping his backpack. "I brought over that book you wanted to read," he said, pulling the novel out and setting it between them. "I thought, maybe over the summer... I don't know, you'll probably be kind of busy."



"Oh!" Matt brightened, taking the book, flipping it over so he could read—well, squint at, he wasn't wearing his glasses—the back cover. "Thanks, man, I'm gonna be so bored when we have free time after a couple weeks, since I can't bring my phone or anything."

"Yeah," Shiro said, "I'm really gonna miss talking to you all summer."

Matt shrugged. "I'll write you a letter."

"You better, I don't know what I'll do with three whole months without you talking about Star Wars." Shiro watched Matt turn the book over in his hands again. He was at once intensely aware of and worried about the piece of paper sandwiched between the last chapter and the epilogue, a letter he'd written and re-written about a half-dozen times, now.

At this point, he couldn't even remember what the final draft had written on it, but he knew it ended with, *I really like you, and I wanted to ask you to be my boyfriend*. That was the part that had him freaking out and wondering if maybe he could distract Matt for a second and steal it out of the book before he left.

"I don't think you can spend the night," Matt said, sounding a little sad about it.

Shiro, who was too busy realizing that he was gonna have to wait a whole three months to hear what Matt thought about his letter, took too long before stammering out, "uh, oh, yeah, I wasn't gonna... I mean, your mom would probably get mad, and. Yeah. I'll go."

"Okay," Matt said, and then, again, "okay. I'll miss you, man."

"Yeah."

Matt hugged him too tight, a little longer than usual. Shiro looked back over his shoulder a couple times before heading back home, where he didn't fall asleep any easier.

Two weeks later, he got a letter from Matt.

*Finished the book already. Interesting ending.*

*You better take me on a really cool date when I get home.*

*P.S. I like you too.*

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Matt never got excited to *leave* summer camp. He got excited to get there, excited for just about everything they did, and he got all gloomy whenever he had to leave, and back when he'd been really little, he'd even cried one year.

This year, he was excited, because he had some certifiably awesome stuff to head back to, primarily, his maybe-kind-of-boyfriend.

He was nearly coming out of his skin by the time his mom's car finally rolled to a stop in the driveway. She'd barely turned it off before he hopped out, throwing his bags in his room before running right back out of the house, only pausing in the living room to holler, "*I'm going to Shiro's!*" at anybody who'd listen.

He knew from the time that both of Shiro's parents would be at work, so he rang the doorbell a whole eight times in a row, until he could hear Shiro yelling at him to cut it out.

The door opened, and Matt... Matt had to look up. A lot higher up than he expected.

"What the hell! How much taller did you get!" he yelled, instead of saying any of the cute or romantic stuff he'd planned on. Well, half-planned-on. Actually, a lot of his fantasies involved Shiro doing most of the cute stuff, because that seemed to be how it worked in real life, too.

"Uh. Way too many inches," Shiro said, "'c'mon in." He turned, gesturing for Matt to follow him, and Matt stood there like an idiot before taking a few steps, because not only did Shiro grow almost half a foot over the summer, he also got a really cute haircut, and he looked like that

neighborhood soccer league he joined was doing him some good—a lot of good, in like, the muscles and stuff department.

Shiro's family's living room was really fancy, and Matt had never actually seen anybody use it. He and Shiro normally hung out in the basement, where there was an older couch and a big TV and all Shiro's video games plus some of Matt's that he brought over and forgot to bring back home.

"I was gonna ask what you did all summer, but I guess you mostly played soccer and got way taller and cuter and stuff," Matt said, flopping onto the couch next to Shiro. "Which, like, how dare you. You kinda asked me out and then I kinda said yes and then you just went and got way out of my league."

"I'm not out of your league," Shiro protested, crossing his legs—wow, god, they were long, now. "I... Matt, I meant everything in that letter, you know."

"I know. People don't normally write love letters they don't mean."

"It wasn't a *love letter*!" Shiro yelped, going red. Matt argued that point with mostly his eyebrows, because now Shiro was just straight-up lying. "Okay," he conceded, "it was kind of a love letter. I... I really like you, and, uh, I think we're sort of dating now?"

He didn't answer. Not because he didn't want to, but because he was too busy thinking about how Shiro's hair wasn't in his eyes anymore, and wow, he had kind of pretty eyes. Were they always that pretty? Probably, yes.

"Matt? Matt. Would you please answer, this is kind of... I don't know."

"What, no, I'm not talking to you, you went and grew six inches over the summer without telling me!"

"It wasn't like—Matt! It was four inches, anyway!" Shiro rolled his eyes.

Matt was still quiet, but he scooted a little closer to Shiro, until he was right up against his side. "You look really good, though. I, um. Are you sure you

still want to date me?"

"Yes." Not a second of hesitation, unusual for Shiro. "I've wanted to for a long time, you know."

"Well, if you go by normal middle-school standards, we're already dating, I mean, we hang out like every day and we held hands that one time," Matt said, and then he reached out and snatched Shiro's hand out of his lap. "Oh yeah, and that other time."

"We're not middle-schoolers," Shiro said, "technically, we're freshmen. What does that mean?"

"Guess it means I get to start next year telling everybody I've got a really cute boyfriend." Matt squeezed Shiro's hand. "If you're cool with that."

Shiro laughed. "Yes, I'm cool with that, of course I am. I asked first, didn't I?"

"Technicalities."

Shiro shifted a little, so he was facing Matt. "I actually wanted to ask if I could kiss you. Since, you know, you're my boyfriend and stuff."

Shiro, apparently, was coming for Matt with a vengeance for making him blush like that before. "What? Oh. Uh. Yeah?"

"Yeah?"

"Maybe not on the mouth," Matt said, because the last thing he had eaten were hot dogs at the end-of-camp cookout, and he was also pretty sure he forgot to brush his teeth that morning because he'd been so excited.

"Okay, that's, uh, that's good."

Shiro leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, just once, just for a second, but somehow, it wasn't like how his great-aunt Nora always kissed him on the cheek at family reunions or anything gross like that. Matt could feel

Shiro's breath against his ear for just a second as he leaned back, and Shiro was gentle enough not to make Matt's glasses press into the side of his face.

Shiro hugged him after, too, and he smelled like he was wearing that body spray all the obnoxious dudes at their school used to, but that he actually had a normal amount on. He was warm, his hands especially where they rested on Matt's back, and wow, if Matt had known it was gonna be like this, he would've found a way to get himself out of summer camp even faster.

## 11. That Time Someone was Talking Shatt

Shiro had witnessed the paladins try to explain a lot of weird Earth things to Allura, but this one was definitely the hardest not to laugh at.

"So, it's not a ship like the castle."

"No, it's short for 'relationship'," Pidge said, and Lance sat bolt upright on the couch, yelling *I didn't know that!*

"Why would you 'relationship' someone?" Allura asked. "Is this more of your, ugh, human flirting?"

"No, no," Pidge said, starting to get more and more frustrated. In times like these, Shiro was reminded how similar Pidge and Matt were—both hated to be misunderstood, but also got annoyed if they had to explain themselves. "It's a different connotation, it's like, you want two people to date each other."

"Yeah," Lance said, "I was just saying I think Hunk should date this cool rock girl. So, like, I ship it. Although. Their ship name would be 'hay,' wouldn't it?"

"You... name them?" Allura asked, her ears doing that little wiggle they always did when she was confused. "Like Voltron?"

"No, it's like a combination of your names," Lance said, "so, Hunk—" he held up one hand, "and Shay—" he clapped both hands together, "hay!"

"It's a portmanteau," Pidge said.

"I don't think that's a real word," Lance said.

"It's a real word," Shiro added, his only input to the conversation thus far.

"But why would you call it 'hay'?" Allura asked. "Hay is what we feed Kaltenecker."

Lance frowned, tapping his chin as he thought. "Okay, I'll do another one. Like, oh, Shiro's dating your brother, right?"

Pidge said, "he is," at the same time Shiro said, "I am."

"Okay, so: Shiro and Matt, that would be... Shatt?"

Lance paused, contemplating his own creation while Pidge started laughing, and Allura just got that look on her face that usually happened whenever Lance did something immature.

Shiro frowned. "It had better not be."

"Oh my god, oh my *god*," Pidge wheezed, "I'm telling Matt. He's gonna love this."

"He... is. Oh, no."

In that moment, Shiro realized he was going to have to find something to bribe Pidge with.

## 12. That Time Everything Changed

### Summary for the Chapter:

Not sure if this is AU or post-series, so...

While Shiro was usually calm under pressure, he'd had to come to terms with the fact that if he had enough time in advance to worry, he'd work himself into a panic about almost anything. He'd done it when he asked Matt out, when he proposed, when they got married, and he'd sure as hell been worrying himself some new gray hairs during the entire adoption process.

Somehow, even though the two of them had spoken extensively with the adoption agency, even though the spare bedroom upstairs was now a galaxy-themed nursery, even though he'd planned his time off work for paternity leave, it didn't feel quite real until they were sitting in a hospital waiting room. Of course, he was thrilled, but the pessimist in him kept coming up with too many worst-case scenarios to list—what if she has health issues they don't know how to deal with, what if her biological parents changed their minds at the last minute, what if somebody figured out that he and Matt had no idea what they were doing and weren't qualified to be parents, what if—

Matt tugged on his arm, because someone at the reception desk had called their name, and Shiro swore he didn't breathe again until a nurse was handing them a squirming bundle of blankets and Shiro was staring at his daughter in his husband's arms. He forgot everything he'd been worrying about.

"Oh," he breathed, stepping close enough to put an arm around Matt, looking down at the curious face watching him. "Oh, god. She's beautiful."

Matt hummed, a happy sound that was almost a laugh, leaning his head on Shiro's shoulder. "You look like you're about to cry, Takashi."



"Shut up, I might," he said, voice hoarse because he was trying not to do exactly that.

"I can't believe she's ours," Matt said, as she blinked sleepily and settled into his arms. Like she belonged there. Because she did. Shiro ran his thumb over her cheek and she focused on him for a second before going back to looking like she was about to fall asleep right there.

"Do you two know what you're going to name her?" the nurse asked, and Shiro knew it was a gentle prod to get them back on track to do things like sign the birth certificate, go through all the hospital release procedure, *take her home*.

It didn't make him feel any less like he was melting, though. And he didn't even need to look up as he answered, "Andromeda."

### 13. That time nobody really knew what they were doing

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: "Well, that's just ridiculous," he scoffed. (One of them confessing the other while being ridiculously drunk, the other not believing - at first?.)

"Well, that's just ridiculous," he scoffed.

Shiro set down the bottle down with a loud clunk, the liquor sloshing in it for a second before settling. "It's not ridiculous!" he said, "you don't get to decide if it's ridiculous, anyway. *I'm* the one who has a crush on *you*, and I get to say whether it's ridiculous." Although, Shiro saying he had a crush was starting to steer the conversation into ridiculous territory. They were supposed to be all *adult* or whatever, senior cadets and all that. They snuck a bottle of alcohol in, which Shiro thought was very mature of them.

"I think it's pretty ridiculous," Matt said. "I mean, you're... you're you, and I'm. I mean, I'm just trying to say—shit, I think I'm drunk."

"I think you're drunk, yeah." Shiro could've easily changed the subject there, told Matt to head to bed, but he also couldn't leave a confession like that just dangling there in the air between them. "Do you not like me?"

"No," Matt said, "I mean, no, I don't not like you." He sighed. "Gimme that, I want to keep being drunk."

Shiro snatched the bottle before Matt could clumsily reach for it, because even though Matt was far from getting alcohol poisoning, because they'd needed to buy a bottle small enough to sneak inside a pocket, he was already way more drunk than Shiro, and that was unfair. He downed the rest of it.

"Ass," Matt said, without malice. "I just—okay, so, I like you. Like, a whole hell of a lot. I think about kissing your face more than I think about

homework, which. I don't really think about homework that much, but the point is that I think about kissing you, and, and—"

"So kiss me," Shiro said, as emboldened by the cheap whisky as the emotion boiling his chest at hearing those words from Matt.

"You know how hard it is—you can't have a relationship in the Garrison, it's... I mean, I know I'm a 'fuck the rules' kind of guy, but that's the kind of thing that gets people demoted, and..."

"We can't risk that if we're going to space," Shiro agreed, feeling impressively reasonable for stating the obvious. Was this what alcohol did to you?

"Jesus, fuck, I want to so bad, though," Matt said, and Shiro put a hand on Matt's knee, fingers curling in the fabric of his loose uniform pants for just a moment before letting go.

"Let me take you out," Shiro said, "one date. Please? I promise if it sucks, we'll go back to being best friends and it'll be totally, totally normal."

Matt's head dropped onto Shiro's shoulder and he made a distressed noise. "Oh my god," he whined, "if you do that, I swear, I'll want it all, the whole damn thing, like, I'll wanna be your boyfriend and hold your hand and all the stupid romantic crap that we can't even do."

"Hmm," Shiro said, turning the empty bottle between his hands, "I remember a really cute guy telling me what the Garrison doesn't know won't hurt 'em."

"Oh yeah? Well then, cute guys better stop fuckin' stealing my catchphrases," Matt said, and Shiro couldn't see his face, but he knew he was pouting.

"I was talking about you, Matt."

"Oh."

"Yeah, oh."

"Alright, well, you better rock my world with this date then, man." Matt giggled, which was adorable, and settled in against Shiro's side, which was even more adorable.

And Shiro looked up at the ceiling of their little dorm room, set the bottle back onto the tile floor they were seated on, and thought that everything was gonna be alright. And maybe kind of awesome.

## 14. That time they tried to wash a car

### Summary for the Chapter:

"It's not like I did it on purpose!" Shiro lied, not being able to pry his eyes off Matt who was taking his wet t-shirt off. (Glass of water, or a hose, whatever, as long as there's a v thirsty Shiro :D)

"It's not like I did it on purpose!" Shiro lied, unable to pry his eyes off Matt, who was taking his wet T-shirt off.

"Really?" Matt asked, struggling with the wet fabric, only succeeding in stretching it tighter across his shoulders, where the white material was turning transparent over the curves of his muscle. "I dunno how you 'accidentally' spray somebody with a goddamn hose, Shirogane."

Pidge laughed in the distance, appreciating Shiro spraying down her brother instead of the soapsud-covered car for entirely different reasons. Matt finally struggled out of his shirt, and as soon as he did, he whipped it in Shiro's direction, hitting him square in the chest.

"Hey!"

"Oh, you deserved that," Matt said, and Shiro may have been a little distracted by the way the water dripped out of his hair and down his neck and his chest and he may have missed Matt grabbing the bucket of water at his feet.

Shiro only realized what was happening once it was too late to dodge the arc of water aimed straight at him, and though he lifted an arm to shield his face, it was nowhere near enough to keep him from getting completely soaked. He spluttered, plucking at his wet tank top, and then decided to just strip it off, so he matched Matt. "You... oh my god," Shiro said, "you little shit!"

He shook his wet hair and lunged for Matt, who ducked out of the way, tossing a sponge behind himself and missing Shiro, who was now chasing

him around the driveway like they were a couple of dumb kids, not two fully grown adults who couldn't wash a car without causing an incident.

"So," Pidge drawled, punctuating it with a long drink of her water bottle. Shiro had Matt in a headlock. "Should I leave *before* you start pinning him against the car, or...?"

"Don't do that," Matt said, struggling against him, "seriously, don't do that. I drive a Prius, it's not even that sexy—plus, you'd knock it right the fuck over."

"I'll knock you right the fuck over," he retorted, not exactly sure what he'd threatened Matt with.

"I'm just gonna go now, before I have to watch any more shirtless dude antics," Pidge said. "Seriously, you look like the opening to a bad porno."

Shiro faltered, trying to determine whether that was true and whether he minded if it was, and Matt slipped out of his grip. "HA!" he cheered, and then turned to Pidge. "Also, we don't, our shorts aren't short enough for—AH! SHIRO!"

He'd picked up the hose again, pressing his thumb over the nozzle to spray it in Matt's face.

Matt yelled "*YOU MOTHERFUCKER!*" loud enough that at least one neighborhood kid learned a new swear word that day, and Shiro continued to chase him around with the hose until Pidge got completely fed up with them and shut the water off.

They lay on the grass in the front yard, soaked through, still breathing hard, and Shiro looked at Matt, whose face was pink with exertion and with sunburn, freckles peeking out from under the flush. His hair was plastered to his forehead—Shiro's doing—and he had water droplets sparkling in his eyelashes.

"I love you," Shiro said, resting the back of his knuckles against Matt's cheek.

And sure, Matt batted his hand away, but he also snatched it back up to press a kiss against the place that had just been against his cheek, so Shiro counted it as an *I love you, too*.

## 15. That time somebody borrowed a pen

### Notes for the Chapter:

Wrote this and the next chapter a couple weeks ago, but I'm finally posting them because better late than never I guess?

"Hey, do you have a..."

Matt trailed off before he got to the word "pen." He'd turned around to borrow one, and had been confronted by an unusual sight. Shiro, who was ordinarily the epitome of focus and patience and all that crap, was staring absent-mindedly at him. Matt didn't even know Shiro could do anything absent-mindedly.

He also had Matt's pen in his mouth.

Matt vaguely remembered having lent Shiro a pen last week, because Shiro's had run out of ink, but he had forgotten that Shiro still had it. And now, Shiro had it pressed against his lower lip, his skin meeting the bite marks Matt had left because he habitually stuck his pen in his mouth when he was distracted or bored. Matt suddenly started to realize why people had a thing for this.

"What's that?" Shiro asked, finally focusing in on whatever Matt had been saying, which, unfortunately, Matt forgot in the face of staring at Shiro's mouth.

"Uh... you stole my pen!"

"Oh! Sorry," Shiro said, handing it back to him. Matt briefly wondered if the end of it would be wet, but no, Shiro hadn't actually had it *in* his mouth. Still. He felt like a dork for immediately thinking about the fact that, technically, it was an indirect kiss. Get it together, Holt.

Still. He spent enough time pining over Shiro, and this sure as hell wasn't helping.



## 16. That time Shiro slept in for once

### Notes for the Chapter:

Another one from a while back!

Matt hadn't been expecting to find Shiro like this.

Back when they'd been cadets, Matt had been the one who slept through alarms one through three and had to have somebody practically roll him out of bed so he'd make it to class on time. He frequently missed breakfast, and kept a stash of power bars in his room so he could eat something while he was scrambling around to get his uniform on straight.

Shiro, on the other hand, had always been up for a morning jog before Matt even thought about opening his eyes, which was why it was such a surprise for Matt to wander into the quarters Shiro had been put up in and catch him fast asleep.

The apartment was laid out like a simple studio, a kitchen off to Matt's right, and a small living area in front of him. Shiro's bed was in the back left corner, and Shiro himself was sprawled out across it, legs sticking out from under a blanket that was bunched up around his waist and not doing him much good. His new prosthetic was lying dormant on the bedside table, and he was crushing a pillow to his face with his left arm, no doubt putting pressure marks into his cheek.

Matt stepped closer, until he was standing beside the bed.

"Shiro?"

He stirred, but barely responded, so Matt laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Shiro, hey."

Shiro's eyes blinked open, and he scrubbed at the sleep stuck to them with the heel of his hand. "Matt?"

"Yeah, I just touched down about an hour ago," Matt said. "Dad said I could find you here."

Shiro tried to hide a yawn behind the back of his hand and failed. "Mm. Did you stop by the med bay to see your sister yet?"

Matt took a seat on the edge of Shiro's bed. "For a couple of minutes," he said, "she wasn't awake, and there were like, nurses and stuff around to tell me not to wake her up. So I came to wake you up instead."

Shiro grumbled something under his breath and the port on his arm lit up blue as he activated his prosthetic and it floated to join at the place where his elbow would've been. Matt inspected the arm—parts were from his own design, but there was something distinctly Altean about it, so he assumed Allura or Coran had been behind it.

"It's cool, huh?" Shiro said, because Matt was definitely staring.

"Yeah. Huge, though. Doesn't it get in the way?"

"I'm getting used to it." Shiro leaned forward to hug him, and Matt's heart raced at the familiarity and the newness of it. He hadn't quite managed to snuff out the torch he'd carried for Shiro since he was a cadet, and it wasn't his fault the man had to go getting more attractive every time Matt saw him. "Good to have you back," Shiro said, his voice muffled in Matt's scarf. "We missed you."

"Yeah, missed you too." Matt ruffled Shiro's hair, a little more gentle than he needed to be. "So you finally went all white?"

"You can't make fun of my hair, ponytail." Shiro sat back, but Matt could still feel the smooth metal of his prosthetic against his side.

"Maybe not. I can make fun of you for oversleeping, though."

Shiro rolled his eyes with the kind of insolence a recently-promoted Captain of the Garrison shouldn't really be displaying, and Matt reveled in it. "I just saved the world," he said, "let me sleep in."

**Author's Note:**

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